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Principles, not Men; but Men as the Representatives of Principles.

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BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY

In speaking of persons' faults,
Pray don't forget your own;
Remember, those with homes of glass
Should seldom throw a stone.
If we have nothing else to do
Than talk of those who sin,
'Tis better to commence at home,
And from that point begin.

We have no right to judge a man
Until he's fairly tried.
Should we not like his company,
We know the world is wide.
Some may have faults—but who has not?
The old as well as young;
Perhaps we may, for aught we know,
Have fifty to their one.

I'll tell you of a better plan,
And find it works as well,
To try my own defects to cure,
Ere others' faults I tell:
And though I sometimes hope to be
No worse than some I know,
My own shortcomings bid me let
The faults of others go.

Then let us all, when we begin,
To slander friend or foe,
Think of the harm one word may do
To those we little know;
Remember—curses sometimes, like
Our chickens—roost at home!
Don't speak of other's faults until
We have none of our own.

The Slim Teacher.

HOW HE MANAGED THE SCHOOL AT CRANBERRY GULCH.

"Mister, no doubt you have all the learnin' that's required in a school teacher, but it wants more than learnin' to make a marable to teach school in Cranberry Gulch. You'll soon find that out if you try. We've had three who tried it on. One lays there in the graveyard; another lost his eye and left, the last one opened school and left before noontime for the benefit of his health. He hasn't been *back* since. Now you're a slender build, and all your learnin' will only make it worse, for all our young folks are roughs and don't stand no nonsense!"

This was what one of the trustees of the district said to my friend Harry Flotoe, when he made application for the vacant position of teacher.

"Let me try. I know I am slender, but I am tough and I have a strong will," said Harry.

"Jest as you like. There's the schoolhouse, and I'll have notice given if you want it done," said the trustee.

"I do," said Harry, "and I'll open next Monday at 9 a. m."

The notice was given, and there was a good deal of excitement in the gulch and along the Yuba flats. More than fifty young people of both sexes made an excuse to drop into the tavern to get a sight at the fellow who thought he could keep school in that district, and many a contemptuous glance fell on the slender form and youthful face of the would-be teacher.

Eight o'clock on Monday morning came, and Harry Flotoe went down to the schoolhouse with a key in one hand and a valise in the other.

"Ready to slope if he finds we're too much for him," said a cross-eyed broad-shouldered fellow of eighteen.

The school-house was unlocked and the new teacher went to the desk. Some of the young folks went to see what he was going to do, though school was not called.

Harry opened his valise and took out a large belt. Then, after buckling it around his waist, he put three Colt's navy revolvers there, each six barrels, and a bowie-knife eighteen inches in the blade.

"Thunder! he means business!" muttered the cross-eyed chap.

The new teacher now took out a square card about four inches each way, walked to the other end of the school-house and tacked it up against the wall. Returning to his desk he drew a revolver from his belt, and quick as thought sent ball after ball into the card, till there were six balls in a spot not much larger than a silver dollar.

By this time the school-house was half full of large boys and girls. The little ones were afraid to come in.

Then the teacher walked half way down the room with a bowie-knife in his hand, and threw it with so true a hand, that it stuck quivering in the center of the card.

He left it there and quietly put two more of the same kind in his belt and reloaded his yet smoking pistol.

"Ring the bell; I am about to open school."

He spoke to the cross-eyed boy, the bully of the crowd, and the boy rang the bell without a word.

"The scholars will take their seats; I open school with a prayer," he said sternly, five minutes later.

The scholars sat down silently, almost breathless. After the prayer the teacher cocked a revolver and walked down on the floor.

"We will arrange the classes," he said, "all who can read, write and spell will rise. Of them we will form the first class."

Only six got up. He escorted them to upper seats, and then he began to examine the rest. A whisper was heard behind him. In a second he wheeled, revolver in hand—

"No whispering allowed here!" he thundered, and for an instant his revolver lay on a level with the cross-eyed boy's head.

"I'll not do so any more," gasped the bully.

"See you do not. I never give a second warning," said the teacher, and the revolver fell.

It took two hours to organize the classes, but when done they were well organized.

Then came recess. The teacher went out too, for the room was crowded and hot. A hawk was circling overhead high in air. The teacher drew his revolver, and the next second the hawk came tumbling down among the wondering scholars.

From that day on Harry kept school for two years in Cranberry Gulch, his salary doubled after the first quarter, and his pupils learned to love as well as to respect him, and the revolvers were out of sight within a month.

They had found a man at last who could keep school. This is a fact.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

The ancients believed that emeralds worn in a ring protected the wearer against dysentery, epilepsy and malignant fevers. The occult power of the ring was supposed to be increased by engraving some astrological device upon it.

Neither Gorillas Nor Humans.

A JAPANESE TRIBE WHO POSSESS TAILS.

Can it be supposed that when Dean Swift libeled humanity by degrading it below the level of the brutes in his dreadful fiction of the Yahoos he ever imagined that there existed aught that approximated toward the odious picture? Yet such is the case. There are undoubtedly races whose attributes do, in various degrees, suggest, if they do not realize, the misanthropic fables of the men-beasts of Houyhnhms Land. The Niamiams of Africa, who live between the Gulf of Benin and Abyssinia, are said to have tails, a statement confirmed by Dr. Hubsh, of Constantinople, in 1851. The "hairy people" mentioned of old by Hanno seem to have a real existence, apart from the gorilla, judging from Miss Bird's account of the Ainos of Japan, a strange, savage, and little known race, supposed to be the aborigines of that country, but now only to be found on the Island of Yezo. They are, she says, of a most ferocious aspect, owing to the profusion of their thick, soft black hair and beards, and to the singular fact that their bodies are commonly covered with a vigorous growth of black hair and fur, upward of an inch in length, and incrusted with dirt, for the Ainos never wash. Their food is a "stew of abominable things," and a "thick soup made of putty-clay, which is boiled with the bulb of a white lily." They believe themselves to be descended from dogs, but other characteristics of this strange people are not unamiable. Beyond these instances, and presenting a far more striking resemblance to the Yahoo type, there are the Veddas or Weodahs of Ceylon, their duplicates in Borneo or New Guinea, and kindred varieties discovered in the Philippine Islands, Terra del Fuego, and South America. Only none of these are so hateful as the creatures of Swift's invention. It needed that fierce indignation against his kind, which he has recorded in his epitaph, to depict them. The Veddas and similar races on the islands of the Asiatic archipelago are described as the aborigines of their respective countries, who have shrunk into the jungle and forest to escape from civilization, and have lived there for upward of 2,000 years. They construct no habitations, but lodge in caves or trees or under overhanging rocks. They are stunted in size, seldom exceeding four feet eight inches in stature, and but feebly built, except as regard their arms, which the constant use of the bow renders very muscular, notwithstanding their short, ape-like thumbs. With this weapon they kill animals for food; devouring, besides reptiles, wild honey, ants, eggs, and carrion of all kinds. They lack both memory and foresight, cannot count or discriminate between colors, are filthy in their habits, and in everything save a rudimentary language of uncouth guttural sounds, and some dim vestiges of religion and social order, are the beasts of the field. Saddest, perhaps, of all, they never laugh. When they die they believe they become devils. Yet this benighted and outcast race, so low in organization, habits and character as scarcely to be distinguished from the monkeys of the jungle among whom they live, practice by instinct virtues which are not too common in civilization. They never lie, steal, nor quarrel. Some of these unfortunate creatures have been half-tamed by the Cingalese and sent to out-door work like the Yahoos of the Houyhnhms. When the Prince of Wales visited the island in 1876, certain of the jungle Veddas were actually caught in snares and traps to be exhibited to him; and one of the number—a female—positively died of fright in being secured. It was not a humane transaction, but the Veddas are regarded merely as animals. Finally, it may be remarked, in connection with Swift's curious anticipation, that he placed Houyhnhms Land near the great island continent of Australia. It appears in the map of the first edition of "Gulliver" as due south of Nuvst's Land, in about 30 degrees south latitude, and 155 degrees east longitude. Now, Ceylon is but 55 degrees west of this locality, though above, as New Guinea is just below the equator. The Yahoos could not have been better accommodated.

The Dunkards.

This church originated in Germany in the year 1708, and to escape persecution emigrated to the United States some years after its commencement. With this church territory is divided into districts. Each district is entitled to several representatives. Should a matter of church discipline arise in any district during the year that the resident minister can not settle, the matter is dressed in the form of a query and presented to the annual meeting for advice. Here it is brought before the representatives from all parts of the nation and discussed by them. The body is then required to vote on the several ways of deciding the question, and the result of the vote is made a standing rule of church discipline. For years past there has been two methods of performing the foot-washing in the church; and the difference on this point has caused many churches to be expelled. One brother pours water into a basin and washes a brother's feet, and another brother follows after, girded with a towel and wipes the feet that have been washed. This is known as the double method of foot-washing. In the single mode the brother who washes the feet is girded with a towel and wipes them. The double mode is the recognized rule of performing this ordinance, and there are a numer of leaders who want to make it the only rule in the church. The opposition to this is strong and determined, claiming to have the example of Christ and the most ancient practice of the church; and if the double mode leaders attempt to force their rule a general division in the body will take place. The sisters in this society are not allowed to wear hats, and in time of service each one is expected to have her head covered with a neat white cap. As a rule the men wear broad brimmed hats and a coat that has a low stand-up collar. There are a multitude of peculiar rules in the minutes of the annual meeting, but the many communicants do not obey them. Usually at this meeting the Lord's supper is observed. They believe that it requires a full evening meal to make a Lords's supper, and accordingly they have a genuine repast, composed of boiled beef, and soup made of broth and bread; and in connection with this the salutation or kiss is made a distinct feature of the exercises.

The Railroad Bell-Rope

HOW THE DEVICE CAME TO BE ADOPTED.

In the early days of the railroad in this country the locomotive engineer was the master of the train. He ran it according to his judgment, and the conductor had very little voice in the matter. Collecting fares, superintendidg the loading and unloading of frieght, and shouting "All aboard!" were all that the conductor was expected to do. The Erie Railway was then the New York and Erie Railroad. There was no rail connection with Jersey City in 1842. Boats carried passengers from New York to Piermont-on-the-Hudson, which was then the eastern terminus of the road. Turner's, 47 miles from New York, was as far west as the railroad was in operation. One of the pioneer conductors of this line was Captain Ayres. He ran the only train then called for between the two terminal points. It was made up of freight and passenger cars. The idea of the engineer, without any knowledge of what was going on back of the locomotive, having his way as to how the train was to be run, did not strike the Captain as being according to the propriety of things. He frequently encountered a fractious passenger who insisted on riding without paying his fare. As there was no way of signaling the engineer, and the passenger could not be thrown from the train while it was in motion, the conductor in such cases had no choice but to let him ride until a regular stop was made. Captain Ayres finally determined to institute a new system in the running of trains. He procured a stout twine, sufficiently long to reach from the locomotive to the rear car.

To the end of this string next the engineer he fastened a stick of wood. He ran this cord back over the cars to the last one. He informed the engineer, who was a German, named Abe Hammil, that if he desired to have the train stopped he would pull the string and raise the stick, and he would expect the signal to be obeyed. Hammil looked upon this innovation as a direct blow at his authority, and when the train left Piermont he cut the stick loose. At Turner's he told Captain Ayres that he proposed to run the train himself, without interference from any conductor. The next day the Captain rigged up his string and stick of wood again.

"Abe," said he, "this thing's got to be settled one way or the other to-day. If that stick of wood is not on the end of this cord when we get to Turner's, you've got to lick me or I'll lick you."

The stick was not on the string when the train reached Turner's. The Captain pulled off his coat, and told Hammil to get off his engine. Hammil declined to get off. Captain Ayres climbed to the engineer's place, and Hammil started to jump off on the opposite side. The conductor hit him under the ear, and saved him the trouble of jumping. That settled forever the question of authority on railroad trains. Hammil abdicated as autocrat of the pioneer Erie train, and the twine and stick of wood manipulated by the conductor controlled its management. That was the origin of the bell-rope, now one of the most important attachments of railroad trains. The idea was quickly adopted by the few roads then in operation, and the bell or gong in time took the place of the stick of wood to signal the engineer. Captain Ayres continued a conductor on the road under its different managers until he was superannuated and retired on a pension.

Salt and Ashes for Animals.

This subject has been frequently discussed hitherto, especially the use of salt for farm stock. That all domestic animals do better where they are constantly supplied with salt I am perfectly satisfied from experience and long observation. The only case where salt seems to do injury is where cattle have been long without it, and then giving to them all they are inclined to consume. I am willing to own that it is temporarily injurious, not because the article is of itself bad, but because of taking too much at one dose. The proper way to feed salt is to place it where the stock can go to it as they please and take what they are inclined to eat. Never mix it with their food, so that they are compelled to take it whether they wish it or not. More and better butter can be made from the milk of a cow when she has her free supply of salt than from one entirely deprived of it, or having an irregular supply, and it also takes less time to churn the cream. Nature requires salt as an aid in preserving health. It assists in digestion as well as in many other ways which I need not here mention. For cattle at pasture lumps may be laid in any convenient place where a board can be fixed to shelter from the rain and still allow the stock free access. At the barn the lumps can be placed under the shed or in some other convenient spot. But oftentimes stock seem to require an alkali as well, and that is most conveniently supplied in wood ashes, which horses, cattle, sheep and swine will greedily devour when they have an opportunity. These should also be supplied where the stock can have access to them as desired. The ashes should be from good sound wood, and kept dry.

When desirable to keep cattle at pasture and there is no shed to shelter the ashes and salt, a convenient trough may be fastened between two posts, on top of which are fastened two planks or boards as a roof to shelter from rain. The posts should be long enough so that the trough may be eighteen or twenty inches above the ground, and there must be room above between it and the roof to allow of free access to the salt or ashes. This answers for all stock except sheep and swine, which can have the troughs lower. I believe that if a constant supply of salt and ashes is provided where all kinds of stock can have access to them, very much less disease would be known among farm stock; I have never known bots, colic or worms in horses where ashes and salt were thus furnished. —*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

Won't some chemist invent a face powder that does not contain lead, and tastes good! Our young men are dying of lead-poison, and kissing is going out of fashion.

A genius has invented a "fire-proof paper," which at first sight, would seem to make it possible for Col. Ingersoll to have his paper sent to his new address in the next world.

Lemons.

The following concise account of the properties and uses of the lemon is taken from an exchange. The facts contained are well worthy to be borne in mind, for few people are acquainted with the various ways in which this most useful fruit may be employed with benefit.

The lemon is a native of Asia, although it is cultivated in Italy, Portugal, and in the south of France. In Europe, however, it seldom exceeds the dimensions of the smallest tree, while its native state is to grow over ninety feet in height.

Every part of this tree is valuable in medicine, though we rarely employ any of it but its fruit, that is, the lemon itself.

And every one knows how to employ this, as in lemonade: To squeeze the juice into cold water, this is the shortest way, or to cut into slices and let soak in cold water; or to cut into slices and then boil it; either way is good. Lemonade is one of the best and safest drinks for any person, whether in health or not. It is suitable in all stomach diseases, is excellent in sickness—in cases of jaundice, gravel, liver complaint, inflammation of the bowels and fevers.

It is a specific against worms and skin complaints. The pippins crushed may also be used with water and sugar as a drink. Lemon juice is the best anti-scorbutic remedy known. It not only cures the disease, but prevents it. Sailors make a daily use of it for this purpose. A physician suggests rubbing of the gums daily with lemon juice to keep them in a healthy condition.

The hands are also kept clean, white soft and supple by the daily use of lemon instead of soap. It also prevents chilblains. Lemon is used in intermittent fevers mixed with strong, hot black tea or coffee, without sugar. Neuralgia may be cured by rubbing the part affected with a lemon. It is valuable to cure warts, and to kill dandruff on the head by rubbing the roots of the hair with it. In fact its uses are manifold, and the more we employ it externally the better we shall find ourselves. Natural remedies are the best, and nature is our best doctor, if we would only listen to it. Decidedly rub your hands, head, and gums with it, and drink lemonade in preference to all other liquids. Another use to which they may be put is the flavoring of strawberries. We are in the habit of eating strawberries with cream, juice of an orange, etc. Now the way to make them harmless is to cover them with a very large allowance of powdered sugar, and then squeeze over them one, two or three lemons according to the quantity. The lemon juice brings out the strawberry flavor better than any thing else, and its acidity is counteracted by the large quantity of sugar. The lemon juice should be in the same proportion as the cream would be in the place of which it is used.

Two Ways.

One of the most sensible girls I ever knew had only half a dozen dresses, all told, and other articles in proportion, when she was married. She said she liked to dress in the fashion; and if she had a very elaborate wardrobe she should not be able to replenish it for years. "As it is," she added, roguishly, Charlie will soon find out that I need new dresses, and I shall never go out of fashion." So, instead of wearying herself by piles of sewing during her courtship days, she used to have time to go about with her lover, to read with him, and to enter into all his plans for their future. Now, happily married, she finds plenty to do; and having never lost her interest in books and newspapers, is a congenial companion for an intelligent man. How different is the case with my young friend Mary! She expects to be married soon, and it is an absolute necessity in her mind that before the time there shall be made by her own hands, piles upon piles of elaborate wearing apparel, five or six new dresses, at least seven new table cloths and two dozen napkins, sheets and pillow-cases in proportion, twenty-five or thirty towels, two dozen embroidered handkerchiefs, "lots" of kitchen aprons, and incidentals innumerable. 'You never expect to have anything after you are married, do you, Mary?" I inquired. "Why, yes," replied my friend, "but you know a girl must have just so much to be respectable!" Well, that is a matter of opinion. I fancy that most lovers would prefer to have more of the attention which the ladies of their choice bestow upon their sewing, even if they had to buy for them a little sooner than usual after marriage. Mary, I fear, will be another of the host of women who, fretful and nervous on account of overwork before marriage, become mere slaves of household routine, or else are tired to death doing nothing. There is nothing so tiresme as idleness. Many and many a wife, "married six weary weeks to-day," would give worlds if she were obliged to make a new gown. But there is no sewing for her to do. By her own unwise management she has prevented the possibility of that pleasant occupation.

Perfectly Scandalous.

Mrs. Homespun threw down the paper and pulled off her spectacles with a vicious jerk. "It's perfectly scand'lous!" She exclaimed. "For my part I can't see how any respectable woman would ever wear such a thing as that. When I was a gal we used to wear low necks and short sleeves, but mercy!"—and here she cast a withering glance at the paper in her lap before flinging it to the floor. "Why, what is the matter aunt?" asked Cicely, picking up the paper. "Matter enough, I should say!" said the excited old lady, "just look at that fashion plate there, if you are not ashamed to look at it. It is perfectly scand'lous, I say!" "Why, aunt?" said Cicely, her eyes brimming with fun, "that is only a liver pad picture!" "I don't care what kind of a new fangled name they give it," persisted her aunt; "it's scand'lous and disgraceful, and no woman that's got a spark of modesty about her would ever be seen in one of them."

Draw poker is a game that every henpecked husband is familiar with.

He was fond of singing revival hymns, and his wife named their baby Fort, so that he would want to hold it.

Jones says that his minister is forever preaching about resignation, but he never hints at resignation himself.

Beecher says we pray too much. That explains why the average newspaper man's breeches always bag at the knees.

FAULTY DISCIPLINE.

BY ARGUS.

I had occasion to visit some of our school rooms not many days since, and was somewhat surprised to notice that while in some cases the presence of excellent discipline was to be found, yet in a number of cases they seemed to be running themselves—in a sort of go-as-you-please sort of style. Now it is hardly necessary to say that where there was discipline the order was excellent, the lessons well recited, and the children looked bright, neat and happy, while in the other schools everything seemed to go on rather loosely. We are wont to call our free public schools a system, and so they are. But not such a system as we would have them. The schools are graded, and to that extent become a system; but such a system comprehends the least important of the requisites necessary to what constitutes a school system of the best sort. In the first place, there should be uniformity as to the methods of teaching in each grade; there should be a discipline which, while it would not be rigid in the extreme, would be adapted to children. In the next place, the teacher should exercise a moral influence over the children, and such influence should be exercised according to definite methods prescribed by the regulations of the board, or those who supervise. Then cleanliness should be taught and insisted upon. To permit children to attend school ragged and dirty is to permit examples of sloth and ill breeding to creep into the system, thus, to a greater or less degree, exerting a bad influence upon those who would otherwise be clean and tidy. To be sure there are those in the public schools who cannot afford good clothes, but that is no excuse for dirt, and no reason why mothers cannot patch up their children's garments. Such gross negligence on the part of the teacher has the effect to lessen her influence over the children, and thus, in a measure, defeat the ends for which schools were instituted. The teacher cannot afford to tolerate anything which is not for the best interest of the whole school. Favorites should not be tolerated, for nothing breeds indifference and dissatisiaction more than the exhibition of preferences on the teacher's part. Let the teachers see that a proper discipline is observed, and those pupils who are now actually suffering from want of proper training will be seen to advance up to that standard attained by others. Let us have order. Let us have a mild but discipline, and the teachers will find themselves elevated both in the estimation of the pupils and of the patrons. I trust when I call again I may find the improvement so much needed.

Writing for the Press.

I. Write upon one side of the sheet only. Why? Because it is often necessary to cut the pages into "takes" for the compositors, and this cannot be done when both sides are written upon.

II. Write clearly and distinctly, being particularly careful in the matter of proper names and words from foreign languages. Why? Because you have no right to ask either editor or compositor to waste time puzzling out the results of your selfishness.

III. Don't write in a microscopic hand. Why? Because the compositor has to read it across his case, a distance of nearly two feet; also, because the editor often wants to make additions and other changes.

IV. Don't begin at the very top of the first page. Why? Because if you have written a head for your article the editor will want to change it; and if you have not, which is the better way, he must write one. Besides he wants room to write his instructions to the printer as to the type to be used, where and when the proof is to be sent, etc.

V. Never roll your manuscript. Why? Because it maddens and exasperates every one who touches it—editor, compositor and proof-reader.

VI. Be brief. Why? because people do not read long stories. The number of readers which any two articles have is inversely proportioned to the square of their respective length. That is, a half column article is read by four times as many people as one of double that length.

VII. Have the fear of the waste basket constantly and steadily before your eyes. Why? Because it will save you a vast amount of useless labor, to say nothing of paper and postage.

VIII. Always write your full name and address plainly at the end of your letter. Why? Because it will often happen that the editor will want to communicate with you, and because he needs to know the writer's name as a guarantee of good faith. If you use a pseudonym or initials, write your own name and address below it; it will never be divulged.

IX. "These precepts in thy memory keep," and for fear that you might forget them cut them out and put them where you can readily run through them when tempted to spill innocent ink. Causeur's word for it, those who heed these rules will be beloved and favored in every editorial sanctum.

THAT BILL.

BY LE DUKE.

It is an amusing fact in American society that whenever a disposition is shown on the part of some white people to act honorably in social matters with the colored people, there is general consternation among the white masses. Why is this? By what American social stardard is it more honorable for white and colored parties to live in disgraceful concubinage with each other than to live as man and wife, thus legitimizing the relation and giving status to offspring?

Why can a white scoundrel enter the home of a colored person, profane the sanctity of home, and bring disgrace and humiliation, and yet go scot free, while the home of the whites is guarded by the moral force of guns; cannon, and the summary procedure of Judge Lynch?

The answer will doubtless be that public sentiment is against immortality among the whites, and that society will therefore punish those who are guilty of immorality.

But how about colored society?

Well, the answer comes up that "colored society must take care of itself."

Not only this, but colored people must take care that the whites do not enter into honorable alliances with them.

Colored society must submit to being outraged, disgraced and humiliated by the whites, but cannot entertain a proposition whereby mutual affection can be made the subject of legal sanction.

This spirit has crystallized into the introduction of a bill in the House of Representatives, "to prevent the inter-marriage of white and negro races in the District of Columbia." The gentleman who offered this bill is from North Carolina, and bears the name of Bennett. He thinks that all marriages of such a character should be void, and, in summing up the nature of the offense, says that such persons as marry "shall be deemed guilty of an infamous offense."

Infamous, indeed!

This man Bennett, (if he is not an exception to the ordinary Southern gentleman), is doubtless standing in guilty shoes. He talks like a guilty man.

The bill was referred to the Committee on the District of Columbia, and if the members thereof are not such men as is the rabid fire-eating fox who offered it, the bill will be "sot" upon with a vengeance.

So far as the colored people are concerned, they don't want any such law, and it can't be a very pleasant thought to the females of the "great white race" that the only reason why they don't marry colored men is just because they can't. The colored people are opposed to the law proposed because they do not desire to see a premium put on vice and rascality, not because they desire to inter-marry with a class of whites who have systematically persecuted them.

Womanly Modesty.

Man loves the mysterious. A cloudless sky and a full blown rose leaves him unmoved; but the violet which hides its blushing beauties behind the bush, and the moon when emerging from behind a cloud, are to him sources of inspiration and of pleasure. Modesty is to merit what shade is to a figure in painting—it gives boldness and prominence. Nothing adds more to female beauty than modesty. It sheds around the countenance a halo of light which is borrowed from virtue. Botanists have given the rosy hue which tinges the cup of the white roses the name of the "maiden blush." This pure and delicate hue is the only paint Christian virtue should use. It is the richest ornament. A woman without modesty is like a faded flower diffusing an unwholesome odor, which the prudent gardener will throw from him. Her destiny is melancholy, for it terminates in shame and repentance. Beauty passes like the flower of the albe, which bloom and die in a few hours; but modesty gives the female charms which supply the place of the transitory freshness of youth.

An agricultural paper is as essential to a farmer as a head-light to a locomotive. There are times when safe speed is made without it; but in the uncertain darkness, its steady light thrown far ahead reveals obstructions and prevents many a wreck.

To the farmer, the light of other people's experience is of untold value, making the way clear when without it he might sigh over sickly looking crops and wonder whether it were better to put manure or a mortgage on his land. When I hear a man say "I can't afford to take a paper," I know the boundary lines of his fields are marked by tumble-down fences; that his barns and sheds have a shaky, shivery look; and that his cattle resemble the lean kine which Joseph saw in his dream. Oftentimes a single suggestion or receipt is worth to him the price of his paper. On many farms there are corners or waste spots which a little labor would put under cultivation, thereby greatly improving the looks of the place. I would suggest that these farm-blemishes be subdued in the spring, and the proceeds of what is raised upon them be used to pay for good books and papers, and let at least one of the papers be devoted to agriculture.

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MUST WE INTERMARRY?

On the policy of marriages between the races *as a means*, we dissent most heartily from the advice of the *Independent*, to the effect that the example of Mr. Douglass is not only commendable, but one which colored men would do well to follow.

Much of the prejudice from which the Negro and his descendents suffer is the result of a belief that the Negro is absolutely an inferior being, and possible only of a very limited degree of culture; that the progress he has shown has been entirely superficial "functional, not structural," as Dr. Welling would put it.

This belief, which is the foundation of all our trouble about equality of recognition, must be controverted. The issue cannot be shirked or dodged. It must be squarely met. Obliterating the color-line by absorption does not meet it; it simply rids the country of the Negro—that's all; the prejudice against the Negro remains.

Those whose faith in the capacity and destiny of the Negro for the highest civilization under the favoring conditions of American laws and life is weak, welcome this method, no doubt, as a happy idea of destroying prejudice by eliminating the prejudiced. They forget, however, that exemption from this prejudice is only possible so long as their descendants escape the charge of being tainted with Negro blood—"when the grade of quinteroon is reached"—for the reason, that the reproach must be taken away from the Negro before it ceases to blight his prospects anywhere. Let us stand to our colors, and if need be, even to our color. Let us continue to develop along all the lines which give power and influence. When we have acquired these to a sufficient degree, *intermarriages will come as a sequence*, not as an expedient as now. It is no time now for the Negro to lose heart in his future. The opening up of Africa to trade and commerce, and to civilization, which is now going on, will make larger and more honorable openings for the more enterprising and thrifty of the race, *here in this country*; as well as in Africa, in comparison with which the new avenues of emplopment opened by the successful termination of the late American civil war will sink into utter insignificance.

Let us fight it out along the same line. We did not institute separate churches; let us not abandon them now that they are becoming respectable in numbers, in appearance and in their ministry. The responsibility for these organizations is on others, not us. If white people join us, we do not refuse them. We did not make our color; let us not be ashamed of it. Now that our sisters and daughters are growing to greater loveliness and comeliness than ever; now that all the womanly graces are theirs, with the added lustre of culture, let us treat as idle words the advice of the *Independent* to prefer white ladies, even though it be thought following the example of so eminent, so worthy, so able an American as Frederick Douglass.

"If 'men are equal born'—in blood akin,
Why need the negro seek to 'change his skin?'
Nay, rather let him prove himself the man,—
Exalt, not sink his hue and origin.
Thou'st given the means, now, if indeed they can,
Let Pride and Prejudice maintain their worthless ban."

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

From the very moment when Wendell Phillips rose in that Lovejoy mass meeting at Boston, in 1837, and rebuked the men of resrectability that were aiding the slave power in its encroachments on the freedom of the press and of speech, the voice of a leader was heard who never sounded a call for retreat, but was ever ready for one continuous, aggressive onslaught on the enemies of human freedom.

He brought to the abolition cause the prestige of family, the influence of classical education, the training of a lawyer;—wealth, culture and position. He sacrificed a growing practice, threw away political honors, rose above the light frivolities of society and entered earnestly in the anti-slavery ranks. From the hour of his appearance on the rostrum he was classed as the most cultured and impassioned of orators, the most polished platform speaker of the age.

To recount his career is to recapitulate the struggles of the anti-slavery era, and to review the political history of the last fifty years. Thoroughly identified with the movement, his voice was ever ready as with the tongue of fire in behalf of the freedom of speech and of individual freedom, sparing neither friend nor foe.

He was pre-eminently the agitator, not the politician. Parties were too slow, politicians too calculatory. He did not anticipate public sentiment—he forced, created it. What he contended for was for simple justice, by no half-handed, no time-serving, no refined policy.

The Whig party was no more an object of aversion to him in those perilous days than the Republican party during and since the days of reconstruction, when it fell short of living up to its professions, or for a temporary advantage was willing to surrender what seemed a vital principle. Daniel Webster, Edward Everett, Abraham Lincoln, Andrew Johnson, Gen. Grant, Horace Greeley, Rutherford B. Hayes, in the meridian of their power and influence, deviating a hair's breadth from the line of duty, as he saw it, were alike the victims of his merciless invective and withering denunciation.

His oratorical efforts will live through the ages, and as models of style, his orations will take their place by the side of the finest utterances of the British classics.

We live in a new era from that in which Wendell Phillips made his entree and threw the weight of his influence for the overthrow of the slave power. Free presses are no longer thrown in the Mississippi; Boston no longer threatens with mob-violence, nor sends the fleeing fugitive back to bondage. Not alone Massachusetts, but the entire land is free from the tread of a slave. Our Constitution recognizes all alike on the plane of a broad humanity. Connecticut no longer breaks up schools for colored girls, but sixteen thousand teachers and half a million pupils, all over the broad land, thousands in non-proscriptive schools and colleges, day by day receive, without let or hindrance, instruction in the elements of knowledge, and in those studies which best befit them for the exercise of the duties of man and womanhood.

This is the wonder work of one of the grandest revolutions of modern times. As we contemplate these radical changes made "in the memory of men yet living," and allot to each his share of the work and the honor, a noble army rises to view. First, Edmund Walker, whose "appeal" rang out trumpet-tongued, summoning Southern legislatures in fear to secret session; Benjamin Lundy and William Lord Garrison, the one quiet, gentle, conciliatory—the other in earnest, who would not equivocate, who would not retreat a single inch, and "who was heard;" Harriet Beecher Stowe, whose Uncle Tom's Cabin awaked the entire civilized world to the enormities of American slavery; Charles Sumner, the scholar in politics, who braved the slave oligarchy in the Senate chamber, imperiling his life in the fierce encounter; John Brown, of Ossawattemie, the hero of Harper's Ferry; A few remaining of the old guard as Furness, Whittier, Robert Purvis appear, and the later recruit, Frederick Douglass, whose matchless and burning eloquence thrilled the entire nation; but the most striking figure is the silver-tongued orator, Wendell Phillips, the daring champion of abolitionism, of female suffrage, labor, temperance and financial reform.

It must be as humiliating to the Negro as it is discreditable to the whites of Vicksburg, Miss., that the letter is published in another column giving, in graphic language, the particulars of the burial of W. H. Foote. In no place in America is the Negro more densely settled than in the Yazoo Valley, and in no other place has the spirit been taken more out of him. In Vicksburg a lodge of colored Masons, in open day, concluding that discretion is the better part of valor, summarily adjourn their ceremonies at the threats of a mob.

Let us turn aside from this picture The Negro must do one of three things. Fight his way through, leave those sections where his equal citizenship is ignored, or bow to the yoke. There is no escape from one of these three.

CIVIL RIGHTS BILLS.

The Ohio Legislature, Democratic, has passed a civil rights bill, and the New Jersey Legislature, one branch of which is Democratic, has done the same. This is decided progress. We care not what their motive was, we accept the fact. We want peace and protection for the Negro. We prefer the principles of the Republican party on economic questions, and on Constitutional grounds; but at the same time we rejoice that the Democratic party of these States have shown their sagacity by putting themselves on record in behalf of civil rights legislation. Ohio and New Jersy are close States, and by both parties will contend for their votes next fall. That party will get the most Negro votes in these States, which does the most for them. We do not refer to platitudes.

We think Hon. A. W. Harris went just a step too far in his speech in the Virginia Legislature in passing his opinion upon the character of Mrs. Frederick Douglass. While the policy of physical amalgamation may be open to question, and be a good topic of discussion, one's case is not strengthened by an attempt to make personal reflections. The matter is determined by reason, not by passion; by appeal to the higher motives, not by prejudice.

We reproduce a few of the many opinions regarding the recent marriage of Mr. Douglass, from the colored press. We have endeavored to give a fair representation. So varied is the expression and shade of opinion that there is left no room for us to add a word.

Wendell Phillips was the son of the first mayor of Boston, a member of a large aristocratic family. He was born in Boston, November 29, 1811; graduated from Harvard in 1831, and from the law school in 1833. He entered upon the practice of his profession with flattering prospects of success. In 1835, upon the occasion of the mobbing of Garrison, he joined the abolitionists. In 1837 he made his maiden speech upon the occasion of the Lovejoy memorial meeting, when he followed the Attorney General who justified the outrage on Lovejoy. Phillips' speech turned the current of the meeting into a decided triumph of the abolitionists, and stamped him the foremost orator of the country. In 1839 Mr. Phillips gave up his practice, because he refused to take an oath to support the constitution of the United States, and thenceforth gave his entire services to the anti-slavery cause. He also entered the field as a popular lecturer. Among the most successful being that entitled "The Lost Arts." He employed his leisure in later years in managing the estate of widows and orphans.

He never was much of a practical politician. He was a strong advocate of female suffrage, was in favor of the greenback theories, an advocate of temperance and of labor reform.

He was as caustic a writer as he was entertaining and brilliant as an orator. One of the most famous of his recent speeches was that in which he paid his respects to the policy of President Hayes. Of late years Mr. Phillips has been compelled to decline engagements from all parts of the country. Like his old friend Sumner, his death resulted from *angina pectoris*. His obsequies, which took place on Wednesday, were simple and impressive.

Annapolis Announcements.

At Asbury M. E. church last Sunday, 11 a. m., Rev. Louis Nash entertained the congregation with an interesting discourse, while the pastor, Rev. John A. Holmes, fed the flock at John Wesley chapel, (Annapolis neck.)

At 7:30, the pastor, Rev. J. A. Holmes, preached from 1 John, 2 & 8 vs. Gospel gift, followed by the administration of the Lord's supper to a large number. The pastor is presenting the claims of the missionary cause to his people, to which they are responding liberally. A missionary concert will be given by the Sabbath school in the interest of the noble course. Rev. W. T. Harris, pastor of Centennial church, Balto., will be present and preach during the day.

At Mt. Moriah, A. M. E. church, 11 a. m., Rev. J. E. Williams from Macedonian A. M. E. church, Camp Parole, preached from 35 chap. & 8 vs. of Isaiah, a very fine discourse.

At 7:30 the pastor, Rev. J. M. Cargill, preached from the 20 chap. of Matthew and the latter clause of the 6th verse, "Why stand ye all the day idle," an interesting discourse.

At the close of his sermon, Elizabeth Read was baptised by Rev. J. M. Cargill.

The Sunday school of this church had their grand rally by the Bee Hive Association, organized in the school, and raised a very handsome sum.

The fair jointly held by the Golden Link and Golden Rule closed last Monday night. The prize, a sewing machine, fairly won by Mrs. Charlotte Stewart raising the largest amount, was presented on Monday night, with the other prizes. The Rule proposes to hold it a week longer.

The ladies of St. Philips chapel commence an entertainment at the church on Monday next. As it is under the management of Mrs. Hester Garner, Rebeca Hall and Mrs. Anna E. Bishop, it is expected to be a very enjoyable affair. On next Friday evening they will cut a pumpkin, the prize being ten dollars.

Asbury fair still continues, and will hold for a week longer. On Friday evening a huge pumpkin was cut, and the prize, a handsome chamber set, was presented to the lucky Dr. Bishop, who guessed the exact number 725. Ah! the doctor is a good guesser.

Our Post-office was entered and robbed last Sunday night of about $7,000 in cash and stamps. Robberies are committed so seldom here, that one causes much excitement.

Mr. J. H. Smith, cashier of the Balto. ship-yard, has been spending a few days in our city.

SOME OPINIONS.

What Our Contemporaries Think

Of The Douglass Marriage, Pro-and Con.

A FEW SPECIMEN EXTRACTS FROM DIFFERENT PARTS OF THE COUNTRY.

Fred Douglass, the great leader and champion of the colored race, has made the fatal error of his life. He has forfeited his claim to the leadership of his race by a foolish and unwise step. He was united in marriage to a Miss Pitts, a white woman, in the city of Washington, on the 24th inst. The Pilot is firmly of the opinion that this step has impaired, if not totally destroyed, Mr. Douglass' usefulness as a race leader.—*The Pilot.*

—0—

The press despatches yesterday announced the marriage of Hon. Frederick Douglass to a young lady. We must say that marriages between septuagenarians and young ladies in their thirties are not according to our idea of the fitness of things, yet we wish the venerable old man a happy evening of his eventful life.—*Louisiana Standard.*

—0—

Moses Gone over to the Egyptians.—Fred Douglass has married a white lady, which he certainly has the right to do if he wishes, but it is the wishing part that proves our assertion made heretofore, that "he had little sympathy with his race." Among all the women of his race he finds none fit to be Mrs. Fred. Douglass. To what low estate have we fallen that our leaders find the Egyptians preferable to their own race. Is Douglass craving for notoriety? This will divorce many of his friends from him, both white and colored, for both sides doubt the advisability of these marriages. We sincerely regret this step in Mr. Douglass' career.—*A. Baptist.*

—0—

Hon. Fred. Douglass, who aspires to be, and is regarded by many to be, the leading colored man of this country, has recently married a white lady. While we believe it to be the privilege of every man and every woman to choose whom they please for a life companion, we at the same time consider the step taken by Mr. Douglass, occupying the position which he does, as a reflection upon the colored ladies of the country. Especially do we look at the matter in this light, because to our personal knowledge he has for some time paid addresses to one of the most worthy and accomplished colored ladies of Washington.—*Georgia Baptist.*

—0—

The talk about Mr. Douglass' great name and fame being destroyed by his marriage is the merest nonsense. Mr. Douglass' life work has been in the interest of humanity. The same impulse that prompted him to espouse the cause of the enslaved colored people would have prompted him to battle with equal zeal for the liberty of an enslaved people of any other complexion. The great army of abolitionists, Mr. Douglass included, opposed slavery because they saw humanity outraged and brutalized by the barbarous system. Their philanthropy was broad enough to embrace the human beings of every land and clime. Freedom and equality were their watch word. They recognized, as legitimate, only those distinctions among men which worth and attainments make. Hence the talk about Mr. Douglass deserting his people is unworthy of serious notice.—*Leader.*

—0—

As Mrs. Douglass, *nee* Miss Pitts, is white, there seems to be some who are surprised at Mr. Douglass' choice. Well, while we would have liked it better if he had married a colored woman so that his fortune might have remained in the race, yet we cannot censure the old gentleman for suiting himself.—*People's Defense.*

—0—

In as much as Mr. Frederick Douglass has taken to his bosom one of the fair sex of the Caucasian race, it requires no philosophical reasoning to obtain a knowledge of his *real* interest in his own race. He may be deply concerned about the Negro in words, but in actions does not wish to be identified with the dear people (?)

The man who is dispossessed of race pride should no longer be the pride of his race. The man who prides his race will confer all honor at his disposal upon that race.—*Va. Baptist Companion.*

—0—

Of course this is a private affair and Mr. Douglass had a right to marry any one he pleased, yet the effect of his marriage will either do a great deal of harm or good towards the colored people. No crime is committed, but then the moral effect it will have upon the masses of the people will not by far be equal to the estimation in which formerly Mr. Douglass was held by the country. *Lancet.*

Look at it as we may, one cannot help discerning that two weeks ago to-day Douglass could have led the masses of our people where he himself can hardly go to-day. In other words, try to disguise it as we may, the fact will force itself upon us, that to-day Douglass' influence with the masses of our people *is not* what it was before his marriage. Then again, like most public men who are forever and eternally running to the newspapers to speak their mind (when it is anything but calm,) Douglass has made a grievous mistake in flaunting into our faces the often-made speech of colored men who have been boosted into position on the strength of their connection with the Negro race, viz: "he is not an African, which one can easily discern by his features and hair, etc." How true that saying is we do not know, but there is one thing that burns in our minds and ever has, and we are not alone; God forbid that any man from our ranks should lead us or our race, in whom there is not race pride enough to own he is a Negro. Stick to your colors.—*Cleveland Gazette.*

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Frederick Douglass' marriage to Miss Pitts, a white lady, has made a topic of much comment. His marriage will not impair his grand eloquence and pre-eminent qualities of mind and character, and his influence and usefulness in behalf of humanity will continue in full force.—*Afro-American.*

—0—

Every man has a right to his own private individual opinion. It was this that consummated the marriage of Hon. Fred Douglass. It was certainly one of the great events in his successful career. He builded better than he knew. His first wife was a colored lady of excellent parents; this was the choice of his youth. His second wife is a white lady of considerable intelligence and of illustrious descent, one of the brightest flowers of the Pitts family, a set of people who adorned the literary sky in Western New York. This lady is the choice of his old age. They say that two extremes meet: surely Mr. Douglass has unmistakingly symbolized this into practical shape by his last choice. He married Miss Pitts, not as a *white* lady, not as a *colored* lady, but simply as an American lady whom he loved. By this action Mr. Douglass marvelously harmonized with the broad philanthropical doctrines which he has been preaching these many years. In his great speech at Lincoln Hall not quite a year ago, Mr. Douglass said: "I do not believe in isolation, I do not believe in emigration, but I do believe in amalgamation, in the assimilation of races; and I tell you, fellow citizens, the power that rocks the cradle of civilization to-day is amalgamated power." (Great applause). Assembled thousands agreed with Mr. D. in toto then, but as soon as he has set the example by his own worthy action the ignorant prejuciced masses are insulted and enraged.—*Wash. Cor. Cleveland Gazette.*

FROM NEBRASKA.

Mr. Editor:—We occasionally see the rather contemptuous remark that the colored people are contented with progress on a small scale, and that there is very little restlessness and push in them. I like argument, but care not to combat loose and hasty remarks; but if such assertions are true at all they are so because we have not thoroughly learned or felt disposed to combine our brain and capital. John H. Blue, M. D., of Nebraska city, who has long since gone to his reward, once wrote that, "western people aim to combine common sense, cheapness, taste, equal rights and good husbandry in all of their affairs." This is the language of an educated and experienced gentleman, and it is well worth remembering.

In continuing the subject of my last letter, I shall say first of all that soldiers of the late war, their widows and heirs may enter their claims through an agent but they must have the soldiers' discharge papers. And right here let it be remembered that the discharge paper is a valuable document, and no old soldier, widow or their heirs should be without it. And every old soldier will find it greatly to his advantage, also, to be a member of some post of the Grand Army, for it is becoming a source of power and convenience in the West.

Well, having purchased land for a home, the next most important thing is to get a warm, substantial and cheap house.

The best kind of houses for a new country is, by all means, a sod house or a dugout. School houses and churches are built of sod also, and are warm and cheap and are not liable to be shaken by the winds in a treeless country or suffer from prairie fires. The best time to build sod houses is in August. For having begun to break prairie as soon as the frost was out of the ground, the good breaking season closes with the tenth or twentieth of July; and the grass, having attained its full growth, is now tough and the sod is very durable. Several neighbors coming together with a breaking plough, two or three wagongs and a number of spades, can soon build up the walls, fit in windows and doors just as in a brick house. There is great art in building the sod house so as to have it last eight or ten years. Being careful to have it large enough, say 12x24, or for a large family, 14x28 or 14x30, with one sod partition and as many other lighter ones as may be desired. Allowing the outer walls and ends to be about two feet and a half thick at the bottom, build the walls straight inside, but slant it from the outside so that a wall two feet and a half thick at the bottom, when built up six or seven feet, will measure less than two feet wide at the top. The top should be well girded and the roof may be sod, common lumber or shingles, although it would be a saving of money to use sod which is nearly as good as any and cheaper. The walls inside may be leveled up and plastered, having previously put in the floor, and the house will be found to be safe and warm in the winter and cool and agreeable in summer or any other time.

A dugout is made much the same way by digging down and back in a high hill or steep bank. Some dig down a little and build up with sod, and others dig altogether, putting in windows and doors in the one end. This cheap mode of building allows one to put his spare cash into stock. No one ought to try to get along without at least one cow and a few pigs,—never less than two pigs.

I. B. Burton,
Jan'y 15th. Crete, Neb.

John Brown.

How little recks it how or where the breath,
Shall from a good man's lips forever pass,
The shouting rabble know not such, alas!
And glory in insulting even death.
Yet he who spends his life receives his own—
A long immortal future that shall grow
Brighter and brighter as years come and go.
And with the martyr's blends the victor's crown,
Thou pure, grand soul! so nobly, bravely true,
To the still, small voice of conscience clear.—
From thy grim gallows-tree a glory drew,
That left a household name forever dear!
Rebellious lips and hands their work have done;
From height to height doth John Brown's soul march on.

MISSISSIPPI BOURBONS.

HOW THEY BULLDOZE AT FUNERALS

Some historian of A. D. 1984, turning over a trunkful of old letters and worn and musty newspapers of the winter of 1883-'84, may wonder why, when the body of a U. S. officer shot to death by a mob, recovered by his friends, and laid in the church awaiting burial, the insignia of Masonic rank laid upon the coffin, and crowds of the brotherhood and friends waiting to pay the last rites, the officiating minister as he rose in his pulpit should be greeted by the Mayor of the city, a posse at his back, with:—"Say what you've got to say over that corpse mighty quick, and mind *what* you say, too. And if you colored Masons form a procession, we've got two hundred muskets over to our lodge, and there 'll be somebody else killed."

Well, we wonder too. Are we living in the dark ages? Has the world gone backwards? What sort of people compose this American Union? Who was this United States officer? Let us see: William H. Foote was Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue in Yazo City, Mississippi. Of large and powerful physique, standing five feet nine, and though a few drops of African blood coursed in his veins, he called himself a Southern gentleman, boasting his descent from the first families in Mississippi. He was brave, shrewd and intelligent; a freeman in ante-bellum days, and apparently liked and respected by the Yazoo City people. He had served two terms in the Mississippi legislature, as a republican, and, for some years had charge of the branch office of the Internal Revenue of Yazoo City.

It appears from the statement of eye-witnesses that Mr. Foote, and some friends, had been to the church which they attended, arranging a Christmas tree. The presents were hung, the debris removed, and all things made ready for the evening. they locked the door and made their way home. In the street they came upon a white man and a Negro having an altercation, and, as usual, a crowd had collected about the combatants.

To say that Mr Foote, or his friends were in any way concerned in the riot is utterly false and untrue. Collector Foote fearlessly walked into the crowd, believing that he had influence with both races, and his desire was to be a peace-maker; but if the blessing of the peace-maker is his, it is in that world where the proud rebel Bourbon *may* find things the reverse of matters on this sphere. Shots were fired and three white men killed, Collector Foote knocked down and beaten on the head with a base ball club and dragged to jail.

For four days the Coroner's jury sat on an inquest, and then the result was made public, declaring Mr. Foote and other Negroes guilty of murder! It is an axiom in the South, that, given a crime committed and a Negro to charge it upon, there is no further search made for the guilty party, though that Negro may have been a mile away from the scene, and so far as that crime is concerned, he may first hear of it when arrested.

But to return: on the evening of the 29th of December, 1883, the mob of "poah wite trash" marched up to the jail, every mother's son armed to the teeth. They overpowered the guards; they obtained the keys, and took possession of the jail, and brutally hung one of the four doomed men.

Then they went to the cell where Collector Foote was confined, but the brave fellow, with death grinning at his elbow, meant to choose his way of exit from earth. He collected all the small movables in the room, courting a bullet rather than the degradation of the rope.

The first man who entered was knocked down. The prisoner fought like a tiger; the light was thrown down and extinguished, and, in the dark, the rebels fired shot after shot till the struggl

(*Continued on 3rd page*)

The People's Advocate.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1884.

AGENTS.

Levi Cromwell Gen'l Ag't for Phila.
Washington ..... { G. B. Anderson.
" ..... { G. W. Renfro.
New Bedford, Mass..... Wm. H. Carney.
New York ..... M. F. Hamlin.

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LOCAL AGENTS.

East Washinton H. G. Camper.
West Washington, Miss A. S. V. Jones and J. L. Turner.

LOCAL.

—FOR RENT—810 M Street, Unfurnished back rooms, with or without board. jan19-2t.

—T. K. Richardson, the practical tailor will be pleased to see his friends at 615 L street, N. W. tf.

—The Annual Fair of the Berean Baptist church will be given this year. commencing Wednesday evening, February 20th. Several new and interesting features have been devised to make the occasion attractive and enjoyable. The public are cordially invited.

Season tickets, - - 25 Cents.
Single admission, - - 10 "
jy26-4t

—Miss Merritt will read her essay on Temperance before the Band of Hope of the 19th-street Baptist church, to-morrow afternoon at three o'clock. All are invited.

—T. K. Richardson, the practical tailor late of the firm of Banks & Richardson) still continues his trade at 615 L street, N. W. tf.

—Blind Tom still prolongs his stay. He held forth at the Shiloh Baptist church Monday night.

—Edw. T. Green. more popularly known as "Rag Green," was surprised last night by a company of his friends. who freely dispensed a sufficiency of goods as a tangible evidence of their regard.

—A large crowd at Bethel Hall is insured next Tuesday night, because the handsomest man in town will exhibit himself, and give his personal experiences on reconstruction.

— If you wish fashionable suits for winter wear, call on T. K. Richardson, the practical tailor, at 615 L St., N. W. tf.

—Mr. Henry Durham, late of the Black Hills, Dakota, where he has been in the U. S. service, arrived here last week, the guest of Mrs. Josephine Davis, 814 K street, N. W., and after remaining over Sabbath and visiting the Literary of which he read fifteen hundred miles away, left last Wednesday morning for Storer College, Harper's Ferry.

—The ladies of Plymouth congregational church, assisted by their friends, will have a grand bazar, commencing the 12th of February, and continuing three weeks, at Wayland Hall, I-street between 19th and 20th streets. We hope the friends will patronize us liberally.

Admission 10 cents. Mrs. Wm. L. Freeman, president; Miss Sadie Jones, secretary; Rev. W. T. Peel, pastor.

—Miss Josephine J. Turpin is in the receipt of letters from many persons from different sections of the country, thanking her for her spirited reply through the columns of the *Globe* to the charges made by Miss Annie Porter in the N. Y. *Independent*, that the colored people of Louisiana were relapsing into barbarism.

—Company B. Capital City Guards will give a grand masquerade ball soon.

—Hon. Frederick Douglass and wife left this city Monday evening to attend the funeral of Wendell Phillips.

—The Plymouth Congregational church succeeded in collecting $202.24 last Sunday. This looks like business. and reflects great credit on the little band.

—Mrs. G. H. Richardson and little ones arrived in this city last Tuesday to remain.

Miss H. D. Handy, daughter of Rev. J. A. Handy, of Baltimore, spent a few days in this city this week.

—Rev. J. Mulligan is no longer pastor of the Galbraith chapel.

NOTICE.

Mr. W. A. Wayland, of Howard University, has accepted the invitation of the Ladies Industrial Club of the 19th-street Baptist church, to repeat his lecture. Subject, Virginia, her gains and losses, in the above mentioned church on Monday evening, February 11th, at 8 o'clock. The Virginia Delegation is specially invited to be present. All are invited.

Admission free.

C. A. Stewart,
Chairman of Committee.

LET MUSIC SWELL!

—Why can't we have a musical contest?

—Between the leading choirs of our different churches?

—Is the one now thought to wear the laurels shy of some of the others?

—Given a fair deal, plenty of time to practice, a fine audience room, competent and unbiased judges—why fear?

—There is no better musical hall than the Congregational church with its grand organ—plenty of music teachers and professors, who, from the very nature of things, are not connected with nor mixed up in our singing organizations.

If it's too unsatisfactory to contend for the empty honor of being victor, and a set of music books. why not let it be so arranged that there be the honor and a *pro rata* division of profits between the choirs participating, on the basis of the tickets sold by each?

Come now, Messrs. Lynch, J. T. Layton, T. P. Bell, H. F. Grant, John Bailey, J. F. N. Wilkinson and Co., Let us hear from you. Who speaks first?

—While waiting for a Cough to go as it came, you are often laying the foundation for some Pulmonary or Bronchial affection. It is better to get rid of a Cold at once by using that sure remedy Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, which will cure all stubborn Coughs and relieve any anxiety as to dangerous consequences.

The Orpheus Concert.

Though the weather was very inclement Thursday evening, yet quite a large audience favored the Orpheus Glee Club with their presence and sympathy at Lincoln Hall. The occasion was their first concert. The choruses were selections of taste, and were rendered with considerable merit. The parts were evenly balanced, and many of the rich voices blended in pleasing symphonies.

Mr. John T. Layton was in a happy frame, and in his two solos, "Hybrias, the Cretan," and "Sailing," he was heartily applauded.

Miss Addie G. Smith, of Boston, endeared herself to the critical audience, and henceforth she will be cordially received by the music-loving people of Washington. She has a beautiful, mellow voice, which has been carefully cultivated at the great Boston conservatory. She is a real, genuine artist, and proved it in the *Miserere* from Il Trovatore, and also in "Una Voce," "Creole Song," and "Lullaby" She was rapturously applauded, and presented with several handsome bouquets.

Prof. H. Jaeger, of the Marine Band, delighted the audience with two cornet solos.

Mr. R. W. Tompkins—well, he did not sing the solo from Il Troyatore. He couldn't. The name on the programme as male soloist in this beautiful piece was unmistakably "Mr. R. W. Tompkins," but the voice, when the number was rendered, proved to be that of Mr. Rue, of the Apollo Club, who kindly consented to do that which Mr. Tompkins couldn't do.

Dr. E. S. Kimball, the musical director and accompanist, deserves special thanks for the careful training he has given this club.

The Mirth Club.

At the meeting of the Mirth club last evening at the residence of Mr. Clark, 1341 Twenty-seventh street northwest, the following officers were elected: J. W. Brent, president; F. Brown, vice-president; M. Clark, treasurer; P. D. Brent, secretary; A. Daily, J. W. Becket, J. V. Valentine, directors. The following members were received: W. E. Lucus, P. Mercer, and P. Latney.

South Washington Notes.

On Saturday of last week, Mrs. M. E Tucker, Misses H. A. Saunders, M. P. Bozeman, A. S. Bailey, E. V. Campbell and M. L. Jordan, met at the Randall school building, and distributed 643 lbs. that had been donated by the different schools of the building to about two hundred needy applicants. The sight that met one's gaze was heart-rending. There were the sick, the halt and blind, who had come weary distances to receive the charity that might be given them.

There was one case particularly striking, that of an old lady nearly one hundred years of age, who said that she had not received anything from any of the charities this winter, and that on applying at the first police station, she was told that they had nothing for her; that if she died they would bury her.

I should like to know whose duty it is to see that the articles given the Associated Charities are indiscriminately distributed.

Mr. John Brooks died of lock-jaw on Wednesday evening Jan. 30th, at the residence of his mother, Mrs. Lucy A. Jones, 339 Va. Ave. S. W. His funeral took place on Saturday at 11 o'clock, the sermon being preached by Rev. Wm. Gibbons.

JUSTINE.

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feb 9.

(*Continued from second page*)

ceased. When the lights were brought in, it was found that Foote still breathed. Six more shots were fired, his head being literally shot away before the rebels were sure that he was dead!

The third Negro was hung, the fourth shot to death, and the mad, howlinng rioting crew of murders retired, their glorious work completed—they had barbarously murdered four helpless, unarmed prisoners.

The friends of Collector Foote obtained the mutilated body and carried it to Vicksburg, where it lay in state all day. It was proposed to have a large procession of the different lodges of Masons,—for the deceased Collector was a Mason of high rank,—attend the funeral, and appropriate ceremonies at the church and at the grave, but after the threats uttered, the funeral was, of necessity, very quiet and unostentatious.

Now, here is an innocent man, and an United States officer, mobbed and murdered for committing a murder he knew no more about than the Khedive of Egypt. The last sad rites of respect paid o the r mains by the friends, forbidden by those comrades of the mob dressed in a little brief authority, because this man was a Republican, and though boasting the best blood of Mississippi ran in his veins there were a few drops of African also, and his complexion were the livery of the burnished sun.

We have fondly supposed that "Vox populi, vox Dei" was an indisputable proposition, one of the pillars of the American constitution, but we are getting converted to old Dick Taylor's new reading, that in the South the proverb should run "Vox populi, vox *diaboli*."

BETHEL LITERARY.

The hypocritical practices of religious bodies in condemning games of chance, and still resorting to them on every occasion as a means of aiding the church; the vigorous denunciation of theatre-going by the same authorities, and the employment of dramatic entertainments for their own benefit; the tinsel and display of societies in their demonstrations over their dead, formed some of the topics on which Mr. Calvin D. Johnson spoke last Tuesday night, under the general head of "Some Things I Know." He treated of these in an entertaining manner, frequently causing laughter and applause. At the conclusion the discussion began, but not as eagerly as is usually the case. The general tenor of the discussion was in condemnation of the practices referred to. Bishop Turner, though assuming independence and indifference, made an attempt to neutralize much of the criticism which it had been the lot of the church to receive, by the introduction of special pleas; but the sharp fusilade of R. J. Smith, and the logical analysis of Professor G. W. Cook, laid bare to greater extent, the practices in question. Rev G. W. Moore also took strong ground in favor of Mr. Johnson's paper

The vocal music of the evening was furnished by Misses Annie L. and Lula A. Hamer, who sang with pleasing effect "I know a bank where wild thyme grows," and Miss Annie, giving as a solo, "Must we then meet as strangers." Miss Lemmons acted as accompanist. The hearty manner in which these people were received is sufficient to warrant them at any time a most cordial welcome.

THE WASHINGTON HARMONIC CO.

It is unusual to find any concert of high order nowadays at any of our churches. Almost invariably they are given at halls but the exception was that of the Harmonic Co., at 19th-street Baptist church, last Monday night, jointly for the benefit of the 19th-street Baptist and Union Bethel churches. The church was crowded, and many were compelled to stand in the vestibule. It is only justice to say that the high expectation raised by the reputation of this company last summer at the fashionable watering places, was fully realized. It may be said, without exaggeration, that they are no longer amateurs, and that the members, though in somewhat different degrees, are fine artists. The A B C song, by Layton and Miss Jurix; "Don't Tickle, I Say," by Messrs. Layton and Love, and Miss Tilghman, and The Sleigh Ride, by the troupe, all evidence this excellence, while in "The Laughing Song," Mr. Layton shows quite as much excellence as Mr. Loudin. Miss Amelia W. Tilghman rendered "The Queen of Night" with much skill, but when, by request, she sang "Old Folks at Home," she displayed a sweetness and tenderness that would have melted the sternest of hearts. Mr. Frank Jones is a success as an accompanist.

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A BRAVE MAN.

"So you want me to tell you a story about a brave man, little people," said Colonel Graylock, as his half-dozen nephews and nieces, tired with their afternoon's play, gathered around his arm chair by the fire. "Well, I've seen plenty of them in my time, but the bravest man I ever knew was a young Ensign in our regiment, whom we used to call 'Gentleman Bob'—and right well he deserved the name, though not as we meant it!

Soldiering is a very different thing now from what it was in my young days, and men have learned—what it's a pity they did not learn sooner—that a man may make none the worse officer for being a gentleman and a Christian. Henry Havelock taught us that pretty fairly, but in the rough old times it was a very different thing. Then the harder an English officer drank, and the louder he swore, and the more he bullied his men, and the readier he was to fight a duel or to join in any low frolic, the better his comrades liked him, and I'm afraid we were much the same as the rest.

So you may fancy what we thought when a man like 'Gentleman Bob' came among us, who was always quiet and sober and orderly, and, instead of brawling and rioting like the rest of us, spent all of his spare time over dry scientific books that we knew nothing about, and read a chapter of the Bible every morning and evening. How we did laugh at him, and make mock of him, to be sure! But the provoking thing was that he never seemed to mind it one bit, and he was so good-natured, and so ready to do any one a good turn when he could, that it certainly ought to have made us ashamed of ourselves; but it didn't, more's the pity.

But before long something *did* make us ashamed of ourselves, and this was it. Our Colonel was in a great hurry one day to find out the whereabouts of a village that wasn't marked on his map, and none of us could help him, when, lo and behold! forward stepped 'Gentleman Bob,' with a neat little map of his own drawing, and there was the very place, just where it should be. The Colonel looked at it, and then at us, and said grimly, "It's not often, gentlemen, that the youngest officer of a regiment is also the smartest: let this be a lesson to you."

"You may be sure this reproof made us the more unmerciful in talking against poor Bob; and perhaps we might have done something more than talk but for a thing that happened one night at mess. Our junior Captain, a rough, bullying kind of fellow, was going to empty a glass of wine over Bob's head, when the Ensign grasped his wrist, and overturned the wine upon him instead, and the wrist was black and blue from that squeeze for many a day after.

About a month after this, one of our men, who used to have fits of madness every now and then from an old wound in the head, came flying along with a big knife in his hand, slashing at everything within reach. Some cried to shoot him, but Bob said, quietly, 'A man's life is worth more than that; let me try.' And in a moment he had seized the fellow's knife-hand, and tripped him so cleverly that he was down before we could call out; and then some of the men came up and secured him.

Of course we could say nothing against Bob's pluck after that; but all this was a trifle to what was coming. A few days later came one of the greatest battles of the war, and we were so hard pressed on the left (where my regiment was) that at last there was nothing for it but to fall back. We formed again under cover of some thickets, but even there we had enough to do to hold our ground, for the enemy had brought up several guns, and were giving it to us pretty hot.

Suddenly, between two gusts of smoke, one of our wounded, lying out on the open plain, was seen to wave his hand feebly, as if for help. It was one of our Lieutenants, who had been harder than any one a poor 'Gentleman Bob,' and his chance was try and reach him—certain death to shot, while if a bullet did reach a pelt of the scorching sun was pretty sure to him.

All at once a man was seen stepping out from the sheltering thicket, and that man was 'Gentleman Bob.' He never looked to right or left, but went straight to where his persecutor was lying helpless, and tried to raise him. At first the French banged away at him like fury, but when they saw what he was doing, several officers called out, 'Ne tirez pas, mes enfants' ('Don't fire, my boys,') and raised their caps to him in salute. Bob lifted the wounded man gently in his arms, and shielding him with his own body, brought him back into our lincs; and such a cheer as went up then I never heard before or since."

"And did that horrid Lieutenant die, uncle?"

"Luckily not," answered the Colonel, laughing, "for I'm sorry to say the 'horrid Lieutenant' was no other than myself."

"Oh, uncle! were you ever as naughty as that?" lisped a voice in tones of amazement.

"But what became of 'Gentleman Bob?'" asked an impatient boy.

"He's now my respected brother-in-law, and your papa," said the Colonel, exchanging a sly look with a fine-looking man on the other side of the room, who had been listening to the story with a quiet smile. "And now that you've had your tale, go and say good-night, for it's high time for by-by."—*Harper's Young Folks.*

The only way by which capital can increase is by saving. If you spend as much as you get, you will never get richer than you are. It is not what a man gets, but what he saves, that constitutes his wealth. Go learn the first two rules in arithmetic; learn addition and subtraction, add to your present capital any amount you please; subtract the sum which you add, and tell us if the last amount will not be the same as the first. Every man should in every year of his life make some addition to his capital. You say you have but little. Never mind; spend less than little; and then next year you will get more, for you will have the profit upon the sum you save.

In the revised Bible it is spelled "Hades." People who hit their thumb nails instead of the tack while putting down carpets should bear this fact in mind.

Robins and Strawberries.

The robin gets its name from its relation to the strawberry bed. We believe the naturalists and philologists are agreed upon this point. Some very earnest champions, not only of the theory of design in everything, but also of a man's ability to discover every time what the design is, contend that the red breast of the bird is given it as a protection, like the white of the snow ptarmigan or the autumn brown of the partridge, so that when at work among the red berries its color will prevent its detection.

This works up neatly, but we doubt it. It is the theory of the philosopher in his closet, not of the gardener in his paradise. The fact is, there is a certain previousness in the temperament of the bird that prevents it from waiting for the red berries, which has a tendency to weaken this otherwise clever conclusion. The owner of the strawberry plants, as the crop approaches maturity, surveys the bed with no little pride, notes the earliest and most promising plants, and decides that the next day he will pick a cupful for a taste. But that very day the robin drops down among the immature fruit, regardless of any question of the fitness of colors, and clears off everything that has any show of ripening about it. If the supply is a little scant he eats off some of the entirely hard ones and throws them about, "just for greens," as they say. On the other hand, if the supply is too liberal, after he has eaten his fill he goes about puncturing the rest, slashing them to pieces with his beak.

On the first day this is a disappointment to the cultivator; by the third day, it is a real annoyance; on toward the middle of the second week it is an unbearable outrage, and he buys a shad net for protection. A shad net is very different from a robin. A robin takes only the strawberry, whereas the net takes everything. Before you get it all spread out, it has caught around coat-buttons, sleeve-buttons, scarf-pin, and shoe-buttons, and anything else it can grab, and the first result of your experiment is to find yourself considerably involved, as they say when a man runs away. In this case, however, you are so involved that there is no running. When it is unwound, you finally do spread the net over your plants preparatory to stretching it on a frame. It settles quietly down and the work is about done. At last you give a hearty pull and lift the net off the ground. It comes, but it still has the same characteristics that made it grab every button you had. In each mesh is either a berry or a blossom. Thinking they will shake out you pull still harder. Suddenly they start, and before you realize it, you have stripped the whole of them off your vines. There they lie, from red berry to white flower, the whole harvest cleaned right off. Thus the net is more thorough than the robin, but they each work to the same result.

For us in the city, therefore, it is a choice of evils. If we insist upon pretending to raise berries, we must decide between cultivating shad nets or robins. The berry business is a mere disguise for these other industries. There are reasons why it is better to let the net alone and attend only to robins. The former are rather rank in flavor. The more you handle them the more the unpleasant side of the fish business suggests itself. Not so the robin. It is a real delicacy. The thing to do is to realize the true worth of the bird. We must dispose of sentiment as the robin does of the berries—swallow it. The fact is there is nothing better on the table than a good plump robin, and there is no more reason why we should rebel against killing robins, than telephone to the market for a pair of "broiled" chickens. A bird's a bird for a' that. We must come to regard the berry crop as a means to an end. It is like grain on a stock farm. It fattens the animals. That is the whole of it. There is no call to worry about lost fruit, it only by and by we rejoice over birds that are gathered. The time will come when people will realize this, and one robin pot-pie will balance a good many lost strawberry shortcakes. So long as we try to raise trees and birds and berries, one of the crop is doomed to fail. Our duty is to harvest what is left.—*Charles Dudley Warner.*

Value of the Wren in Destroying Insects.

The observations I have been able to make during a residence of several years on a farm have convinced me that the common house wren is really one of our most valuable birds, not perhaps, from what they have done, but from the possibilities wrapped up in their diminutive bodies. They are quite as social as the purple martin or the bluebird, and greatly surpass them in the rapidity with which they increase. Some years ago I undertook to provide them with boxes in places in the vicinity of my buildings. Sometimes I fastened the skull of a horse or ox, or a small box, in a tree top. But latterly I have made it a practice every spring to obtain thirty or forty cigar boxes for this purpose. If the box is long and large, I put a partition across the middle, and make a hole through into each apartment. It is very seldom that these boxes are not occupied by one of these little families. In most instances two broods are annually reared in each nesting place. One of my boxes last season turned out three broods of young wrens—six little hungry birds each time, or eighteen in all. I think a cigar box never before did better duty. The lamented Robert Kennicott stated that a single pair of wrens carried to their young about a thousand insects in a single day. Like all young, rapidly growing birds, they are known to be voracious eaters, living entirely upon insects. The point upon which most stress may be laid is this: That by providing them with nesting places in our gardens, orchards or grounds, and not allowing them to be caught by cats or scared away by boys, we may have scores, if not hundreds of them about us during most of the time in which insects are destructive. They undoubtedly return to the same localities year after year. Last season I had about thirty of these nesting boxes, and all but two or three, which were not favorably located, were occupied. My crop of wrens could scarcely have been less than one hundred and fifty, and the old birds filled the air with music when they were not on duty in building their nests or feeding their young. I intend to put up at least a hundred of these nesting-boxes in my orchards and groves, and I have no doubt I shall be repaid a hundred thousand fold for the little labor it costs. As long as they come back so regularly every year and in constantly increasing numbers, and serve me so well, I shall do all in my power to protect and encourage them. And I am of the opinion that when one species of social, useful birds can be made to congregate in such unusual numbers, others will come also. But the hardiness, sociability, love of the locality where it is reared, and wonderful fecundity of the house wren, render it in my judgment, one of the most valuable of our insectivorous birds.

Indian Arrow Heads.

A young man in the Smithsonian Institute, writes the Washington correspondent of the Cleveland *Leader*, has just made public the discovery of the method employed in making the stone and volcanic arrow heads, daggers, knives, axes and razors of the pre-historic race. Up to this time this has been a great problem to all antiquarian students, but no theory has been advanced showing so practical results as Mr. Cushing's. He started to solve the difficulty by placing himself in the identical position of the Aztecs or mound builders, without anything to work with except sticks, various shaped stones, such as he could find on the banks of any stream, and his hands. After making some rude implements by chipping one flint with another, he discovered that no amount of chipping would produce surfaces like those he was trying to imitate. He then came to the conclusion that there was another way of doing it, and by chance tried pressure with the point of a stick, instead of chipping with the blows of a stone, when he found that he could break flint, stone and obsidian in any shape he chose. Soon after he made spear heads and daggers that would cut like a razor, as good as any he had before him which he picked up from all over the world. By a little more observation he found that the flaking, which he calls his process, on the old arrow head, left grooves which all turned one way. He produced a like result by turning his stick the easiest way from right to left. He therefore concludes that pre-historic men were right-handed people, just like ourselves. This conclusion is reinforced by the fact that occasionaly an arrow head is found which has the flakes running from left to right, showing a left-handed person. The importance of the discovery is that it shows that the early races were able to do this work without the use of iron or bronze, a thing long doubted.

Paris Green on Potatoes.

Extra-cautious writers have not yet ceased warning their readers against the danger of using so deadly a poison as Paris green on such vegetables as the potatoes which are to be eaten as food, and in the absence of examination, the caution would seem to be well grounded. But the following facts should set all possible apprehension at rest: 1. The poison is applied to the tops and not to the roots, which are separated from it by some inches of soil. 2. If it entered the top soil, the quantity used is so small as not to constitute over a millionth part. 3. It is insoluble, and is not taken into the leaves and stems, much less into the tubers. 4. There is in most soils about one hundred times as much iron as will neutralize the poison; so that even if it were soluble, and were in danger of being absorbed by the plant, the iron would preclude the danger. 5. Millions of people every year eat freely of potatoes which have been treated by it, and not one has been hurt from the use of the tubers, although some have suffered from a careless use of the poison in applying it, as have cattle from breaking into the potato field and eating the poisoned crops. 6. In addition to all these provisions of safety, another reason has been published for the relief of timid persons, in the following experiment made by Prof. Thompson of the Worcester Institute for Analysis A hill of potatoes was opened in July and an ounce of the best Paris green put in and around and on the potatoes, which were then about one-third grown. They were dug in September, and without washing, and with the Paris green adhering to them, taken to Prof. Thompson. He examined them, and found the Paris green adhering to the skins easily removed by washing. They were thoroughly boiled, but no trace of arsenic could be detected, either in the skin or in the starch they contained. Being insoluble, the poison could not enter them.—*Country Gentleman.*

Move On.

If you expect to be anything you must make a beginning and you must make it yourself. The world is getting too practical to help drones and push them along, when there is a busy hive of workers, who, if anything, live too fast. You must lift up your own feet, and if you have a pair of clogs on which clatter about your heels they will soon be worn off and left behind on the dusty pathway. Mark out the line which you prefer, let truth be the object glass, honesty the surveying chain, and eminence the level with which you lay out your field; and thus prepared with prudence on one hand and perseverance on the other, you need fear no obstacle. Do not be afraid to take the first step. Boldness will beget assurance, and the first step will bring you so much nearer the second. But if your first step should break down, try again. It will be surer and safer for the trial. Besides, if you never move, you will never know your own power. A man standing still and declaring his inability to work, without making the effort, would be a general laughing stock; and so, morally, is the man in our opinion, who will not test his own moral and intellectual power and then gravely assures us that he has 'no genius,' or 'talent,' or no 'capacity.' A man with seeing eyes keeping them shut, and complaining that he cannot see, is the trumpeter of his own inability.

Is Horse-Shoeing Useless?

Sir George W. Cox in *Frazer's Magazine* estimates that the English custom of horse-shoeing costs the nation annually as much as $42,000,000, which might be saved if the horses were allowed to go unshod. He quotes authorities from Xenophon, who marched his horses unshod from Cunaxa over the Armenian Highlands to the walls of Trebizond, down to the "free lancers" of the present day, and contends that it is safer, cheaper and better to let the horses go unshod over the hardest roads, and especially in streets. He estimates that over twelve million dollars would be saved in the farmer's bills alone; and he calculates further that the working life of a horse would be trebled by the change, so that a horse which is now worn out at twelve years would live to twenty-six. The figures seem somewhat startling, and have hardly been sufficiently proved to be trustworthy. Meanwhile, it is said that a medical man in Waterbury, Conn., has not put shoes on his horses for two years, driving them winter, summer, spring and autumn with bare feet without any trouble. The doctor's theory is that nature has provided for the horse; that a horse can travel over all kinds of roads; that the hoof will be moist, and keeps the hoof properly spread, and free from founder and other diseases.

A STRONG CEMENT.—A cement particularly adapted for attaching the brasswork to bottle necks, lamps, etc., is made by boiling three parts resin with one of caustic soda and five of water. The composition is then mixed with half its weight of plaster of Paris. It sets firmly in about three quarters of an hour. It is said to be of great adhesive powers, not permeable by petroleum, is a low conductor of heat and but superficially attacked by hot water.

Miscellaneous Recipes.

Light Tea Cake.—One cup sugar; two eggs; one-half cup melted butter; one and one-fourth cups milk; two teaspoons cream of tartar; one teaspoon soda; flour to make a stiff batter. It will bake in twenty minutes if the oven is hot.

Kentucky Corn-Cakes.—Take one quart of corn meal and two tablespoonfuls of common wheat flour (not prepared); add salt to taste, and mix thoroughly with a sufficient quantity of buttermilk to form a batter. Next melt a heaping tablespoonful of lard, stir it with the batter well, and bake on a hot griddle, pouring them thin. By this recipe the full flavor of the corn meal is obtained, unmixed with the taste of molasses, which many people deem necessary to cause the cakes to bake brown.

Corn Fritters.—One teacupful of milk, three eggs, one pint of green corn grated, a little salt, and as much flour as will form a batter. Beat the eggs, the yolks and whites separate. To the yolks of the eggs add the corn, salt, milk, and flour enough to form a batter; beat the whole very hard; then stir in the whites and drop the batter, a spoonful at a time, into hot lard, and fry them on both sides of a light-brown color.

Tea Biscuit.—One quart of flour; two heaping tablespoonfuls lard; two cups milk (new milk, if you can get it); one teaspoonful soda, and two of cream of tartar; one saltspoon salt. Sift the cream of tartar into the flour; then put in the salt, then the lard, rubbed lightly through the flour with the hands; next the soda, dissolved in a little of the milk; then, as rapidly as possible, the rest of the milk. Knead all together as fast as you can, roll out lightly, and cut into cakes at least half an inch thick. Bake in a quick oven.

Soft Boiled Eggs.—Instead of boiling three minutes in steaming hot water, as is usually done, put them in one of the metal egg-boilers in common use on the breakfast-table, or in a covered bowl; cover them with boiling water, and let them stand three minutes; pour this off and refill with more boiling water, and let them remain five minutes longer. Another way is to put them in cold water and let it come to a boil, which will be in about ten minutes. The white and yolk will then be of the consisteney of custard. Still another way is to put them in boiling water and remove the pan at once from the fire. Let the eggs remain in the water five minutes, and they will be cooked as if boiled two and a half minutes, but will be far more delicate.

Oat Meal in the Household.—In Great Britain, children of all ranks are raised on an oat meal diet alone, because it causes them to grow strong and healthful, and no better food can possibly be found for them. It is also quite as desirable for the student as for the laborer, and for the delicate lady as for her hard-working sister: indeed, all classes would be greatly benefited by its use, and dyspepsia, with all its manifold annoyances, can be kept at a distance. Oatmeal is more substantial food, it is said, than veal, pork, or lamb, and quite equal to beef and mutton, giving as much or more mental vigor; while its great desideratum consists in one's not becoming weary of it, for it is as welcome for breakfast or tea as is wheat or Graham bread. It can be eaten with syrup and butter, as hasty pudding, or with cream and sugar, like rice. It is especially good for young mothers upon whose nervous forces too great a demand has been made, and they lose the equilibrium of the system and become depressed and dispirited. Oatmeal requires to be cooked slowly, and the water should be boiling hot when it is stirred in.

A Glimpse of Life in Paris.

A Paris correspondent of the Boston *Globe* writes: "Paris is, indeed, a beautiful city; its wonderfully clean and superbly paved streets; its long miles of white houses, of uniform height and style of architecture, win for this metropolis the admiration of every visitor. The water in the gutters and drains is marvelously clean, and the poorest workman is a paragon of politeness; rough in his outward appearance, heavy shoes, corduroys and blue blouse, he is an agreeable disappointment to one who asks some information in regard to streets, or a boulevard he wishes to find. To-day I visited the Jardin des Plants, and found it resembling in many respects the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park, in London. All ranks, high and low, rich and poor, were strolling in the inclosure, feeding the animals, sitting on the benches beneath the trees or examining the museum. There are collections of botanical specimens from all parts of the world. Every bear has its den to which is can retire, its tree to climb, or burrow to dig in. The feathered tribe have a pool of clear water to bathe in and a grass plot to traverse and exercise upon at their will. There is a circular building within the grounds—a sort of amphitheatre—set apart for lectures on zoology and ornithology.

The French are strange people. In a window on Rue St. Denis I saw offered for sale prayer-books, beads, and chromos ridiculing the clergy, all side by side in the same window, and also along several boulevards I observed the same strange inconsistency in the display of religious goods. During my halt at Calais I saw the monument erected to commemorate the embarkation of Louis XVIII for London, which is near the quay of this ancient seaport."

Josh Billings' Sayings.

The dog that will follow anybody ain't wuth a cuss.

I have never known a sekend wife but what waz boss ov the situashun.

The sassyest man I ever met iz a henpeckt husband when he iz away from home.

Too long courtships are not alwuss judicious; the partys often tire out skoreing fore the trot begins.

Enny man who kan swap horses, or ketch fish, and not lie about it, iz just az pious az men ever get to be in this world.

After a man gets to be 38 years old he kant form any new habits much; the best he kan do is to steer hiz old ones.

One quart ov cheap whisky judiciously applied will do more business for the devil than the smartest deacon he has got.

Young man, learn to wait; if you undertake to set a hen before she is ready, you will lose your time and confuse the hen besides.

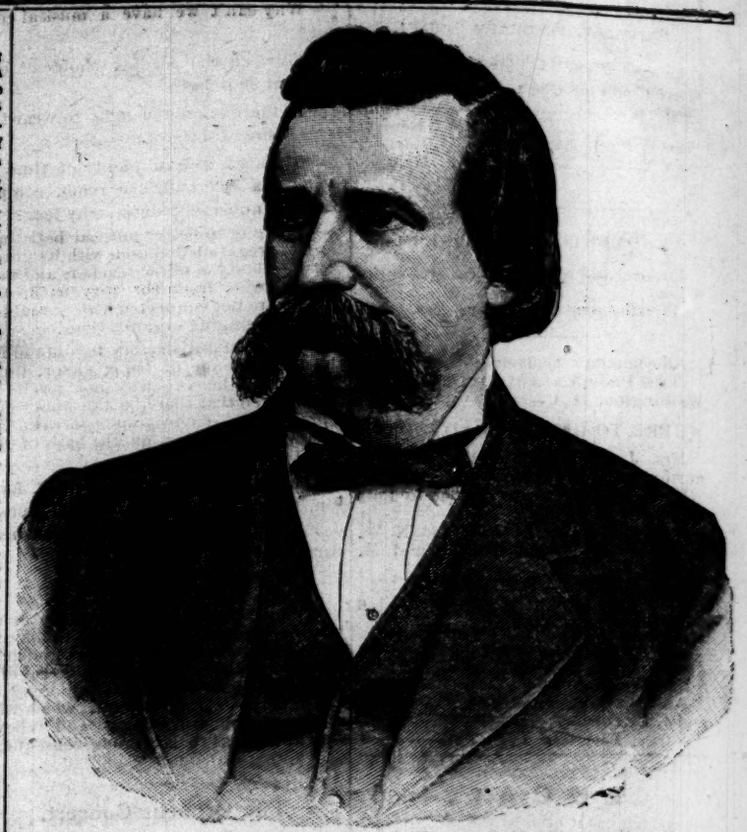
I don't rekolect doing enny thing that I was just a little ashamed ov but what somebody remembered it, and waz sure, once in a while, to put me in mind ov it.

Codling moths fly and do not crawl up the trunks of trees. The females of canker worms are wingless and crawl up the trees on warm days in winter and early spring to deposit their eggs.

Hiccough affects some persons very persistently, and where a simpler remedy does not check it, a half teaspoonful of nitre in a half tumbler of water is recommended as an instantaneous remedy.

Catalpa timber being imperishable under or lying on the ground, it can be used for the following purposes, to-wit: railroad ties, telegraph poles, fence posts, grape-vine posts gate posts, hop poles, lumber for canoes, skiffs, boats, ships, shingles, weather-boarding, cooperage, water-tanks, framing timber for bridges, piles, the manufacture of railroad cars, lumber for sidewalks, pump-stocks, undertakers' stock, etc.

We are well satisfied from experiment that rolling (should the weather be dry,) after planting corn is adrantagous in securing the germination of the seed. The best stand of corn we have ever raised was not sown until June 10, and the land was rolled with a heavy iron roller after planting. The earth is thus brought in close contact with the kernel and the radicle (rootlet) finds support as soon as it emerges from the seed.—*Rural New Yorker.*



Hon. John A. Logan.

The distinguished gentleman, whose portrait stands at the head of these columns, was born in Illinois, the State which he now represents with such distinguished ability in the Senate of the United States. He received a common-school education in Illinois, and subsequently graduated at the Louisville University. He enlisted as a private in the Illinois volunteers, and became quartermaster in the war with Mexico; was elected clerk of court in 1849; was prosecuting attorney from 1853 to 1857; was elected to the 36th and 37th Congresses; resigned and entered the War of the Rebellion as colonel and reached the rank of major-general; was minister to Mexico in 1865; was elected to the 40th and 41st Congresses, and was elected to the United States Senate, and took his seat March 4, 1871; was again elected and took his seat March 4, 1879. It will be seen at once that John A. Logan is studious, patriotic and large-hearted. Like most of men of high moral courage and indomitable will, he soon captured a place in the esteem and confidence of his fellow-citizens, and has held it with credit to himself and to those he represents. The manner in which he has defended the soldier element, the frankness of his expressions touching the rights of the colored people, and the perfect consistency of his whole political career make him one of the most popular and influential men. He is spoken of as a presidential candidate, and although he has not so declared himself, the people are loud in his praise and earnest in their efforts to bring him to the front. He is a man who in every way suits THE ADVOCATE, and will recieve its unqualified support.

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